



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

Impatience.

It is a duty which we owe to ourselves and the numerous circles by which we are surrounded, to bear up firmly against misfortune. The blasts of adversity may sometimes cause the strongest minds to bend for a while, but if our thoughts and wishes are well directed, they can never destroy those higher energies and purposes of our nature. But it is too often that we see minds capable of the highest attainments, sink beneath the most trivial disappointments for want of those sustaining principles, firmness and resignation. The college of W—— never boasted of a more promising scholar than George Holbrook. Possessing high natural endowments and a remarkable quickness of perception, he seemed well calculated to attain for himself the eminence to which he so ardently looked forward. In the same class with himself was a distant relation, who had been placed at the college by his (Holbrook's) father, in consequence of a boyish attachment which his son had formed for him in earlier life. Werner, for that was his name, was of poor and humble parentage, but ere the nice distinctions of society, or false trammels of pride had entered into the imagination of Holbrook there had been no distinction between the son of the poor fisherman and the opulent merchant, but as they increased in years their acquaintances were extremely careful that one should feel his dependence, and the other his superiority. Though the mind of Holbrook was naturally above such shallow distinctions, still education and example could hardly fail to tincture him with some of the foolish vanity so predominant in the world, and the tone of superiority that he sometimes assumed could not but be keenly felt by a mind as sensitive as Werner's. A jealousy naturally sprung up in the bosom of the friends, and under its corroding influence, slight words were easily magnified into causes of offence; then followed contentions and strife, and then estrangement and animosity,

to add, if possible, to the self-reproach of both in their inward consciousness of wrong. How often thus do we create our own misery through mistaken pride, when a little forbearance or humility might restore to us a friend, and what is still more desirable, our own heart's approval, and peace of mind. How often would we, could we but see the motives which actuate others to inflict pain, feel pity for the weakness that caused it, instead of resentment for the injuries inflicted. But Werner had never been spoiled by prosperity, and he knew not how to allow for the controlling influence which vanity too often exerts over the better feelings of the heart. His wounded pride forbade him to continue any longer at college under the support of Holbrook's father, and possessing a small legacy left to him by Mrs. Holbrook, he resolved to forsake his studies for the present, and acquire for himself independence and honor. Though naturally unassuming, and to all appearance diffident in his manners, which was probably owing to the little notice he had received from his fellow students, and possessing less brilliancy of genius than Holbrook, his deficiencies in these points, were fully compensated by a firm, penetrating and reflecting mind. His was the calm untiring spirit that shrinks not from misfortune. Every obstacle that rose to check his progress, but added firmness and energy to his character; yet few looked for the lofty virtues and generous traits of a master-spirit in the unassuming and plodding scholar, and fewer still prophesied distinction to his future years. Holbrook on the contrary had excited the highest expectations from the brilliant display and impassioned feelings, that glowed in the vivid productions of his teeming fancy. Had misfortune never crossed his path, it is probable, their anticipations would have been fully realized; but by some unforeseen circumstances, his father was suddenly deprived of his immense wealth, and died leaving Holbrook and his sister in extreme poverty. My readers will allow me to pass over the first shock which such an event must naturally cause to a mind as susceptible as Holbrook's;

but after the first struggles had subsided, he soon saw, or felt the necessity of rousing himself to action, in order to acquire a maintenance. His first effort was to apply for a situation in one of the mercantile houses of the place, but being unused to practical business, he found it to be no easy task to find a place any way suitable to his wishes. Sickened and disheartened by his ill success, he began to sink under the hopelessness of despondency, and the hours that should have been passed in steady perseverance were given to vague repinings and regret. But not so his high-souled sister, her mind, keenly sensible of her brother's weakness, shook off at once its own trials and found relief in action.

'You do wrong brother,' said Emma, as they were one day seated in the small room still allotted to them, 'you do wrong to mourn at the decrees of an over-ruling Providence. We are both blest with youth and health, and what better are we than thousands of others, who have alike contended with misfortune?'

'You Emma,' replied Holbrook, 'you talk of contending, who have even shrunk from entering a crowded assembly. Oh, Emma! you little know the difficulties which will every where surround you.'

'Fear not for me, George, I shall return to the little town of B—— where I spent so many happy hours at school—I have some few friends there, who will not love me the less for my poverty, and if you George will come to my school, I will try and teach you something better than despondency.'

With such intentions Emma did return, and commenced her school under happy auspices, while Holbrook urged on by her example, but more from necessity, once more resolved to obtain for himself some employment. But it was unsuccessfully that he again applied, day after day, to the numerous houses of the city. Oh! who would have looked in the wan and wasted features of the wearied applicant, for the once gay George Holbrook. It was with a heavy heart and, as he fancied, a humbled one, that he one day applied to the house of Sleight & Co. for a situation he had seen advertised in

the public paper. It had just been filled—an involuntary sigh escaped him, as he turned to go, which attracted the notice of a gentleman at one of the desks, who immediately seized his hat and followed him. Holbrook had not proceeded far before he felt the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, he turned, and Werner stood before him. In the mortification of wounded pride, the former would have passed on; but Werner seized his arm and drawing it within his own, observed,

'No, no, George we part not so, a boyish quarrel has already estranged us too long, and I have too many reasons for loving one to whom I am indebted for so much. Fortune may well be considered as a blind jade when better men than I fail with larger means. I have had my trials, but they are over now,' and Werner brushed hastily from his eye the tear that had started, and continued—'You applied to my partner just now for a situation, may I be permitted to inquire whether it was for yourself you applied?'

'It matters not,' answered Holbrook bitterly, 'whether it was for myself, or another, were the place vacant it would not be accepted now.'

'You mistake me,' said Werner, if you suppose I would do myself the injustice to offer you any situation under me; but I thought that I might restore, without pain to either; the legacy left me by your mother.'

'I thank you,' answered Holbrook haughtily, 'for your exalted opinion of me, in supposing that I would sully myself so far as to receive what does not belong to me, the gift was my mother's and I regret that it should have been so little valued as to cause this last insult to her son.'

'Holbrook, will you allow me no chance to repay you a small part of the vast debt of gratitude which I owe to you, and the memory of your revered parents? Oh, George! had you regretted our long estrangement as I have, you would not treat me thus coldly. If there is any cause why enmity should exist between us I am ignorant of it.'

'You deceive yourself, Werner, if you suppose that I have any enmity towards you; I once told you our paths were different; I am still of the same opinion; let school-day friendships be forgotten, they are attachments in which the judgment has but little share, and they seldom last.'

He drew his arm from Werner and passed on, and as if to drive from his heart the conviction of his injustice, he walked with a quicker step than he was wont to his dwelling, and throwing himself into a chair gave way to his own reflections.

'I will go to B——' thought he, 'and there I may meet with better success, perhaps fortune may after all smile once more upon

me. To night I will write to Emma, and apprise her of my coming. There are many chances for me yet. I have talent and I will rise above Werner, or die in the attempt!'

And thus the disappointed student really forgot his sorrows and suffered, for the first time since his sad reverses, his hopes to rise above his fortunes. Bright dreams of distinction again flitted before his fancy, and fame and pleasure glowed in the perspective before him. Suddenly the illusion vanished, leaving the gloomy present more horribly distinct to his view.

'I have been dreaming,' muttered he, 'dreaming of fame, of happiness, when even reason tells me 'tis in vain. What folly! Am I not fettered, bound hand and foot to the disgusting occupations of every day life. And once they expected from me the mighty ebullitions of genius! some perhaps are still looking for the deep fulfilment of those early promises; but they will be disappointed; I can no longer deceive myself; the sentiments of virtue I so fondly delighted to portray, no where exist, the heartless ingratitude and selfishness of the world, has taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Not one among the fawning fools, who once fluttered and fawned upon me, are willing to put in practice the friendship and favor they pretended to feel. Sympathy is cheap, 'tis all I receive.'

The image of Werner rose in his mind, but by an effort he threw it from him—'He too,' pursued he, 'came but to triumph over my humbled fortunes, for in his heart he must despise me. To night I will write to Emma, for one place must no longer hold us.'

The railings of Holbrook were only the natural consequences of an exaggerated imagination. 'Tis only when our views of human life become tempered with reason, that we learn to submit with patience to its necessary ills. Immoderate expectations of human happiness are too often allowed to seize upon the imagination, and when the illusions are at once removed and we feel the fallacy of our hopes, we rush into the opposite extreme, and suffer disquietude to ruffle our tempers and render us unfit for the duties or comforts of life. Thus Holbrook, dissatisfied with himself and the world, through his own ungoverned passions, gave way to the despondence which poisoned the very spring of his existence.

It was about a week from the time in which he had written to Emma, that he received an answer from her in return; and in her letter was one enclosed from the Honorable Judge C—— of the town of C——. The latter it appeared had first been forwarded to Emma, and it contained a request for Holbrook to start immediately for the town of C——, as the Judge, who was somewhat advanced in years, was in want of a person to assist him

in his business, and though Holbrook was a stranger, yet the recommendation which the Judge had received from others had been perfectly satisfactory. He not only offered Holbrook a handsome competence, but every possible opportunity of fitting himself for a counsellor, since his education had already so well prepared him for the profession. Holbrook, who wanted not a second invitation, started immediately for C—— and a few months saw him quietly pursuing his studies under the benevolent friendship of the honorable Judge C——. Emma was but a few miles distant from him in the little village of B——, and during vacation she generally paid a visit to her brother and the daughter of the Judge, for whom she had formed a close friendship. It is not necessary to picture to my readers the personal beauty of Catharine C——, enough to add that in the eyes of Holbrook and Emma she was the most perfect of her sex. But in whatever degree people may have differed in regard to her beauty, I believe that each and every individual comprising the little town of C——, were unanimous in ascribing to her much worth and goodness of character. It was in her society and Emma's that Holbrook began to look back with shame upon his want of firmness, and he inwardly resolved to guard for the future against the like weakness. It chanced one day as Holbrook was conversing with Catharine C—— that he alluded to his former acquaintance with Werner, and from some remarks she made in return, he found to his surprise that she was not only acquainted with his character, but also with his history and pursuits. His curiosity was roused and he ventured a few inquiries respecting him.

'You know,' answered Catharine, 'that your mother left him, at her death, a small sum of money. By some means he lost it. He then entered into the employ of M. D. Anville. Doubtless you recollect him, a small bustling important personage in the city of New-York. He had hardly entered his employ when unfortunately D. Anville was robbed. Suspicion fell upon the poor and friendless Werner; he was thrown into prison; but even here his spirit rose above his fortunes. The day of trial at last came, and as nothing could be proved satisfactory against him, he was acquitted. But his character had received a stain for which there was no atonement; for he suffered not the wish of revenge, to embitter his happiness. He felt that it would be impossible to obtain confidence under his present circumstances, he accordingly came to C——, but the stain of suspicion followed him and hung like a mildew-blight upon his every effort. Still he despaired not, and at last a brighter day dawned. Here he was discovered by a near connexion of his mother's, who at once

befriended him; and soon after D. Anville's son was found guilty of forgery, and the robbery of which Werner had been accused. From that time the latter has risen rapidly, and now occupies a station of eminence and honor in the populous city of New-York.'

If Holbrook was before dissatisfied with himself, Catharine's recital could not but tend to render him still more so. The full sense of his injustice to his early friend rushed with force to his mind, and his last interview with Werner was remembered with sighs of regret. He felt that some atonement was due for his unfeeling conduct; but it was not until he had finished his studies and settled at B—, that he ventured to write an apology to Werner, with a request for the renewal of the friendship which had once constituted their chief enjoyment. He also wrote to Emma at the same time (for the latter had been on a visit to Catharine C— above a week) and in Emma's letter he enclosed one to Catharine, soliciting the honor of her alliance, for he had fancied that the accomplished girl was not insensible to the few merits he possessed. Not many days had elapsed ere an answer came from Werner. It was of course filled with generous feelings and warm sentiments of friendship, it also contained a request for Holbrook to be in the town of C— on a certain day, as it was the intention of Werner to start immediately for the same place. Holbrook had received no answer from Catharine, or Emma, and weary of suspense, he cheerfully complied with Werner's request. It was about noon when he arrived at the village, and unwilling to intrude so unexpectedly on the family of Judge C—, he proceeded to the boarding house to which he had been directed in Werner's letter. His inquiries for Werner were answered by the servant as follows:

'Mr. Werner will not be in town until evening. He has gone in the country with Miss Catharine C— to be married, and when he returns you will likely find him at the Judge's.'

Poor Holbrook stood like one thunder-struck, he essayed to speak, but his words choked him and he rushed from the door. The first person he encountered was the benevolent Judge, he bowed and would have passed hastily on, but the latter detained him.

'Stop, stop,' said the Judge jocosely, 'tis too late for a pursuit, you cannot overtake them now, or be in time to see the knot tied, so you may as well go with me and patiently await their return. We did not expect you so soon, and meant to have taken you by surprise, but secrets will out.'

'Then' gasped Holbrook, 'then it was no sudden choice.'

'Oh, no! It has been brewing these three

years, but Werner is so confounded odd, he wished you to be kept ignorant of it, he was fearful of injuring your feelings by intruding himself upon you in any manner.'

'Indeed,' said Holbrook, 'I am extremely sorry he should have given himself any uneasiness on my account. It was quite unnecessary.'

They had, as Holbrook concluded, just arrived opposite the Judge's dwelling, and the former, unwilling to enter, and desirous of escaping from the importunities of the Judge, promised to return in an hour and accordingly left him. But the hour passed and Holbrook was still pacing with an agitated step the floor of his own apartment. Werner seemed to his distempered fancy as the evil genius of his life: his thoughts distractedly wandered to the hour when first he saw him, to that of their last interview in New-York. Then rose the long-loved, but lost image of Catharine C—.

'He is my fate,' exclaimed Holbrook, and rushed from the apartment.

Evening had just begun to throw her lengthening shadows over the earth, and Holbrook, hurrying from his own thoughts, soon found himself upon the principal promenade of the village. Merry voices and laughter came ringing on his ear, but in his heart there was no responsive thrill; but one thought occupied his mind—but one voice had power to soothe, and that was lost to him forever. Suddenly he felt the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, in an instant he thought of his last meeting with Werner, and he turned with the certainty of again beholding him; but the fine open countenance of the Judge was again beaming upon him, and Holbrook fancied that there was a look of sympathy in his earnest gaze.

'Is this the way you keep your promises,' said the Judge, 'I have been seeking you this hour. Now you must go with me for there is no escape.'

'Forgive me, my benefactor,' said Holbrook, 'for refusing your invitation. Not that I bear any unkind feelings toward Werner, for in truth can I say, that none ranks higher in my estimation; but it will be better for us not to meet.'

'Holbrook, I cannot carry to Werner, or his bride, such a message; but here is a billet from Emma, perhaps it may contain some argument more powerful than all I can offer.'

Holbrook took the billet, opened it and read as follows: 'Dear brother, I trust you have taken no new freak into your head, not to see us, after your friendly letter to Werner. I cannot think you would prove so inconsistent. Perhaps you have been disappointed in not receiving a letter from Catharine; but she has just received your

letter, which you foolishly enclosed in mine, the latter found no way of reaching me in the country, where I have been the past week, and it was not opened until I returned a few hours ago. If it is the latter circumstance that detains you from coming, you need no longer delay, for from the tell-tale confessions of Kate's eyes, I should judge that you will be no unwelcome guest. Yours,

EMMA WERNER.

'Emma Werner,' repeated Holbrook, rubbing his eyes and fixing them again on the billet—'What is the meaning of all this?'

'Why ask that question?' said the Judge, 'You appeared no ways averse to the marriage this morning, and it is too late to repent now; for Emma is my niece beyond a doubt.'

'Your niece!'

'Yes, Werner is my nephew. His mother married a poor fisherman and was disowned by her father. She died leaving Werner an infant. For many years our family was ignorant of his existence; but we have at last made atonement for our neglect, and Werner has inherited his share of his grandfather's estate, with the love and respect of his kindred. And though he has strictly forbidden it, yet I cannot forbear informing you that it was through his influence that you are indebted for all the favor I have shown you, you surely will not refuse to meet him now.'

'Noble, generous Werner!' exclaimed Holbrook, 'I am unworthy of his friendship. But my conduct at present needs some explanation. I have been deceived, and fancied Werner to be the husband of your daughter; for the servant informed me that he had gone into the country with her to be married.'

'Ah, ah!' said the Judge, as the light began to dawn upon his understanding, 'then you have been playing the rejected, or disappointed suitor. It was a mistake indeed. If all this fuss has been made for Kate, you may as well take her off my hands at once, for these girls are sad plagues after all.'

Holbrook soon had the satisfaction of embracing Werner and his bride, and receiving from Catharine the confirmation of her father's words; and no doubt Holbrook learnt a lesson of patience, for there is nothing better calculated to try it than the married state.

A. B.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—'The more I am acquainted with Agricultural affairs the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can no where find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests.'—Washington.

The Peer and the Village Curate.*'The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.'*

CREECH.

At an early age, when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes a passion for voluptuous pleasure; ere yet Experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crowded with the most fashionable part of the world; the voice of flattery incessantly sang his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune introduced him to the first families in England; and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age. But Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of its power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums, which flattery bestowed on him; and the pliant voice of adulation had made little impression on his mind. At once to prove the integrity of his professed friends, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had been precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wild-fire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spendthrift.

To give his distress an air of certainty he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorrow; here, too, neglect was his fate.—Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement, and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard. Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed—*'How wretched are the children of fortune! The poor man, in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes even the costless sigh of pity!'*

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere; who, returning from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortune, and hastened to relieve his necessities. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him,—*'It is some consolation,'* said he, *'for*

the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued not unworthy the esteem I bore him. *'This,'* continued he, *'more than recompenses the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress.'*

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words, *'affected distress!'*—adding, with much surprise,—*'Are, then, your misfortunes bred by the idle tattle of the town?'* *'No, my lord,'* returned Belfont. *'Not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propagation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which every day the syren, Flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intolerably disgusting. Among my female friends,'* continued he, *'a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes and who, in fact, had made some faint impressions on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress; but I thank her for her contempt; it has broken asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage.'*

'And what use does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?' inquired Bremere. *'My resolutions, Charles,'* returned Belfont, *'and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!'* *'What else can you purpose?'* asked Bremere. *'Convinced of your lordship's integrity,'* replied Belfont, *'I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle,'* continued he, *'has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyment of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas, how mistaken is such a notion! It is true, my every wish is gratified but one. You smile, Charles, and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish. Yes! my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life,'* added he, *'my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!'*

It was in vain that Lord Bremere endeavored to persuade his friend from his purpose.

Belfont remained inflexible to all his entreaties, and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted: Bremere, to the haunts of giddy passion; Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessities tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor-square: at present he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Trueman; and all traces of Lord Belfont for a time vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself fatigued; when an inn, opportunely presenting itself to view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs, and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than commonly acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him an excellent breakfast, which, having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and, at the close of the day found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard with silent indignation the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend. The impertinent inquiries with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of slander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury-lane theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandish, from the opposite side of the house; who without ceremony came round to him.—*'So, my lord,'* said she, entering the box, *'what is become of your friend Belfont? have you seen him lately? how does he bear his misfortunes? I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth.'* *'My friend,'* replied Bremere, *'is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distresses.'* *'Why, you know, my lord,'* returned Lady Caroline, *'one can't help being concerned for the distresses of those who were of one's acquaintance. I profess,'* continued she *'the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think*

I had made a conquest. It is, however,' added she, 'very fortunate that the affair ended as it did, for you know it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties.'

'True, madam,' replied Bremere; who, by her ladyship's discourse, found she was the person to whom Belfont alluded, as having attracted his particular notice; 'but after all, whatever diminution the fortune of Lord Belfont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the woman whom he shall honor with his hand, in a style of elegance that might sooth the most extensive vanity.' And without waiting her ladyship's reply, bowed, and wished her good night; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend's imaginary distress, which was but ill-calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom. Lady Caroline concluded, what he had said was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to encourage the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas she joined her company; and Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now let us attend the steps of Belfont; whom, hereafter, we shall distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich, he left that city, and continued his excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, in the midst of his tenantry. Totally unknown to his tenants and his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuses which the latter committed. It was near sunset when he arrived at a pleasant village on the borders of the sea which contained, what is there called, an inn. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gotch of nog** joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and, among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the notice of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and he determined to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. He invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *gotches*; and their strong beer is known by the name of *nog*.

'I will tell you, sir,' said he, 'the story of parson Benley. You must know, sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in a good three hundred pounds a year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say, while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum; and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm; which, by the death of one of his neighbors, became vacant. But I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-laborer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they couldn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together: and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward seized on his stock, which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county jail.'

'And his family,' asked Trueman, 'what has become of them?' 'His wife and four children,' returned the landlord, 'three fine boys from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of a fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the work-house. But 'no,' says I; 'hold, neighbor Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry,—and you must know, sir,' said he, with a significant nod, 'I am pretty warm—they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! for what,' said I, 'is your work-house but a dungeon; where the poor eat little, and labor hard?—but sir,' continued the landlord, 'not only I, but the whole village, was against their going there: and the inhabitants all cheerfully spare a little towards the family's support: nay, even the laboring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite.'

'And what,' inquired Trueman, 'is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?' 'The whole debt,' replied the landlord, 'I am told, is about three hundred pounds: a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law.'

Every particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman inquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated, not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to

rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he retired to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post town, about three miles off, and enclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and, in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

DINED at Lady Blessington's—Bulwer, D'Israeli, Procter, Fonblanc, etc.—eccentricities of Beckford, author of *Vathek*—D'Israeli's extraordinary talent at description.

DINED at Lady Blessington's, in company with several authors, three or four noblemen and a clever exquisite or two. The authors were Bulwer, the novelist, and his brother the statist; Procter, (better known as Barry Cornwall,) D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*; and Fonblanc, of the *Examiner*. The principal nobleman was Lord Durham, and the principal exquisite, (though the word scarce applies to the magnificent scale on which nature has made him, and on which he makes himself,) was Count D'Orsay. There were plates for twelve.

I had never seen Procter, and, with my passionate love for his poetry, he was the person at table of the most interest to me. He came late, and as twilight was just darkening the drawing-room, I could only see that a small man followed the announcement, with a remarkably timid manner and a very white forehead.

D'Israeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly-embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object.

Bulwer was very badly dressed, as usual, and wore a flashy waistcoat of the same description as D'Israeli's. Count D'Orsay was

very splendid, but very undefinable. He seemed showily dressed till you looked to particulars, and then it seemed only a simple thing, well fitted to a very magnificent person. Lord Albert Conyngham was a dandy of common materials; and my Lord Durham, though he looked a young man, if he passed for a lord at all in America, would pass for a very ill-dressed one.

For Lady Blessington, she is one of the most handsome and quite the best dressed woman in London; and, without farther description, I trust the readers of the Mirror will have little difficulty in imagining a scene that, taking a wild American into the account, was made up of rather various material.

The blaze of lamps on the table was very favorable to my curiosity, and as Procter and D'Israeli sat directly opposite me, I studied their faces to advantage. Barry Cornwall's forehead and eye are all that would strike you in his features. His brows are heavy; and his eye, deeply sunk, has a quick, restless fire, that would have struck me, I think, had I not known he was a poet. His voice has the huskiness and elevation of a man more accustomed to think than converse, and it was never heard except to give a brief and very condensed opinion, or an illustration, admirably to the point of the subject under discussion. He evidently felt that he was only an observer in the party.

D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously.

¹ With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!

The anxieties of the first course, as usual, kept every mouth occupied for a while, and then the dandies led off with a discussion of Count D'Orsay's rifle match, (he is the best rifle shot in England,) and various matters as uninteresting to transatlantic readers. The new poem, Philip Van Artevelde, came up after a while, and was very much over-praised, (*me judice*.) Bulwer said, that as the author was the principal writer for the Quarterly Review, it was a pity it was first praised in that periodical, and praised so unqualifiedly. Procter said nothing about it, and I respected

his silence; for, as a poet, he must have felt the poverty of the poem, and was probably unwilling to attack a new aspirant in his laurels.

The next book discussed was Beckford's Italy, or rather the next author, for the *writer* of Vathek is more original, and more talked of than his books, and just now occupies much of the attention of London. Mr. Beckford has been all his life enormously rich, has luxuriated in every country with the fancy of a poet, and the refined splendor of a Sybarite, was the admiration of Lord Byron, who visited him at Cintra, was the owner of Fonthill, and, *plus fort encore*, his is one of the oldest families in England. What could such a man attempt that would not be considered extraordinary!

D'Israeli was the only one at table who knew him, and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners, was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a race-horse approaching the evening-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in parliament.*

The particulars he gave of Beckford, though stripped of his gorgeous digressions and parentheses, may be interesting. He lives now at Bath, where he has built a house on two sides of the street, connected by a covered bridge *a la Ponte de Sospiri*, at Venice. His servants live on one side, and he and his sole companion on the other. This companion is a hideous dwarf, who imagines himself, or is a Spanish duke; and Mr. Beckford for many years has supported him in a style befitting his rank, treats him with all the deference due to his title, and has, in general, no other society; (I should not wonder, myself, if it turned out a woman;) neither of them is often seen, and when in London, Mr. Beckford is only to be approached through his man of business. If you call, he is not at home. If you would leave a card or address him a note, his servant has strict orders not to take in any thing of the kind. At Bath he has built a high tower, which is a great mystery to the inhabitants. Around the interior, to the very top, it is lined with books, approachable with a light spiral staircase; and in the pavement below, the owner has constructed a double crypt for his own body, and that of his dwarf

² I have been told that he stood once for a London borough. A coarse fellow came up at the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know on what ground you stand here, sir?' 'On my head, sir!' answered D'Israeli. The populace had not read Vivian Grey, however, and he lost his election.

companion, intending, with a desire for human neighborhood which has not appeared in his life, to leave the library to the city, that all who enjoy it shall pass over the bodies below.

Mr. Beckford thinks very highly of his own books, and talks of his early production (Vathek) in terms of unbounded admiration. He speaks slightly of Byron and of his praise, and affects to despise utterly the popular taste. It appeared altogether, from D'Israeli's account, that he is a splendid egotist, determined to free life as much as possible from its usual fetters, and to enjoy it to the highest degree of which his genius, backed by an immense fortune, is capable. He is reputed, however, to be excessively liberal, and to exercise his ingenuity to contrive secret charities in his neighborhood.

Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came next under discussion; and D'Israeli, who was fired with his own eloquence, started off, *apropos des bottles*, with a long story of an empalement he had seen in Upper Egypt. It was as good, and perhaps as authentic, as the description of the chow-chow-tow in Vivian Grey. He had arrived at Cairo on the third day after the man was transfixed by two stakes from hip to shoulder, and he was still alive! The circumstantiality of the account was equally horrible and amusing. Then followed the sufferer's history, with a score of murders and barbarities, heaped together like Martin's Feast of Belshazzar, with a mixture of horror and splendor that was unparalleled in my experience of improvisation. No mystic priest of the Corybantes could have worked himself up into a finer phrensy of language.

Count D'Orsay kept up, through the whole of the conversation and narration; a running fire of witty parentheses, half French and half English; and, with champaign in all the pauses, the hours flew on very dashingly. Lady Blessington left us toward midnight, and then the conversation took a rather political turn, and something was said of O'Connell. D'Israeli's lips were playing upon the edge of a champaign glass, which he had just drained, and off he shot again with a description of an interview he had had with the agitator the day before, ending in a story of an Irish dragoon who was killed in the peninsula. His name was Sarsfield. His arm was shot off, and he was bleeding to death. When told that he could not live, he called for a large silver goblet, out of which he usually drank his claret. He held it to the gushing artery and filled it to the brim with blood, looked at it a moment, turned it out slowly upon the ground, muttering to himself, 'If that had been shed for old Ireland!' and expired. You can have no idea how thrillingly this little story was told. Fonblanc, however, who is a cold political satirist,

could see nothing in a man's 'decanting his claret,' that was in the least sublime, and so Vivian Grey got into a passion and for awhile was silent.

Bulwer asked me if there was any distinguished literary American in town. I said Mr. Slidell, one of our best writers, was here.

'Because,' said he 'I received a week or more ago a letter of introduction by some one from Washington Irving. It lay on the table, when a lady came in to call on my wife, who seized upon it as an autograph, and immediately left town, leaving me with neither name nor address.'

There were a general laugh and a cry of 'Pelham! Pelham!' as he finished his story. Nobody chose to believe it.

'I think the name was Slidell,' said Bulwer.

'Slidell!' said D'Israeli. 'I owe him two-pence, by Jove!' and he went on in his dashing way to narrate that he had sat next Mr. Slidell at a bull-fight in Seville, that he wanted to buy a fan to keep off the flies, and having nothing but doubloons in his pocket, Mr. S. had lent him a small Spanish coin to that value, which he owed him to this day.

There was another general laugh, and it was agreed that on the whole the Americans were 'done.'

Apropos to this, D'Israeli gave us a description in a gorgeous, burlesque, galloping style, of a Spanish bull-fight; and when we were nearly dead with laughing at it, some one made a move, and we went up to Lady Blessington in the drawing-room. Lord Durham requested her ladyship to introduce him particularly to D'Israeli, (the effect of his eloquence.) I sat down in the corner with Sir Martin Shee, the president of the Royal Academy, and had a long talk about Allston and Harding and Cole, whose pictures he knew; and 'somewhere in the small hours,' we took our leave, and Procter left me at my door in Cavendish-street, weary, but in a better humor with the world than usual.

MISCELLANY.

The Death of the Young.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life when we can say in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us; and we shall not be long. They have gone before us—and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon

the border of the grave, to welcome us with countenances of affection, which they wore on earth—yet more lovely—more radiant—more spiritual.

Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and 'thou hast the dew of thy youth.' He hath placed thee upon his bosom and his stern countenance wore a smile. The 'far country' seems nearer and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before—passing so quickly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.

SPECULATION IN STOCKS and real property is more general and extravagant than it has been before for many years, in all our principal cities. A gambling spirit is apt to prove epidemic, and becomes violent in proportion to its spread. It seizes on men in all sorts of circumstances, diverting them from the regular pursuits and hopes of industry, and stimulating them to risks by which their minds are kept in extreme agitation, and all their means exposed to sudden and ruinous vicissitudes. We are told by intelligent gentlemen who have been lookers-on, of late, at Boston, New-York, and in our own city, that multitudes are now prominent and desperate dealers in the stock and other speculation markets, of classes and ages, callings and positions in life, that formerly were never seen nor expected, and themselves never thought of acting in such scenes. Small tradesmen, shopkeepers, clerks of all degrees, operatives of town and country, members of the learned professions, students in the offices, beginners in the world without capital or with a little, all frequent the exchanges and the auction grounds, to try their fortunes as with the lotteries. They chase bubbles not less intently than those who have leisure and money to spare. We scarcely need add that this diffusive excitement, subject as it is to rumors and various chances of the day or hour, is unfavorable to productive industry, to steady habits and sure aims, and to morals, which are always more or less in danger when hazard whets cupidity, governs action and determines fate in a general whirl of spirits and thoughts.—

Philadelphia National Gazette.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied, 'No, no.' The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when, for the first time, he learned that no meant yes!

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

THE TWELFTH VOLUME.—Time rolls on, and again we are called upon to present our readers with the first number of a new volume of the Repository. In so doing we tender our sincere thanks for the liberality and goodwill which has been manifested by our patrons and friends in our behalf; and while we acknowledge with heart-felt gratitude the obligation we feel for favors already conferred, we can assure them, that it will not be in the least diminished by any aid they may be disposed to render us in the circulation of the present volume. To the question so often propounded by our distant subscribers—'What shall we do when *One Dollar bills* shall no longer be issued?' We answer—'Use a little exertion among your friends and neighbors and send *Five*, thus obtaining your own gratis, or where that is not practicable, and you succeed in adding even one to our subscription list, you can send *Two Dollars*, which will obviate the difficulty some little time at least.' As our course in conducting the present volume, will vary but little from that pursued the two past years, a labored introduction seems altogether unnecessary, we will therefore bring our subject to a close, with the assurance that the resources for filling our columns with interesting matter, both original and selected, are as plentiful as at any former period, and as our own exertions will still continue to be unremitted, we confidently hope that our little journal, though more humble in its pretensions than some, will, notwithstanding, receive, as heretofore, its full share of public patronage.

To Correspondents.

We have on hand several communications, lately received, laid by for further consideration, also a few of the prize pieces, some of which it is probable, will receive an early insertion.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. F. Cannan, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. jr. New-York, \$1.00; M. C. R. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. H. West Harpersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. D. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. H. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. G. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. B. Rockingham, Vt. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. McN. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nelson, N. Y. \$5.00; T. N. Athens, N. Y. \$8.15; T. L. V. G. Kingston, N. Y. \$2.00; O. P. W. Hardwick, Ms. \$1.00; N. S. South Orange Ms. \$1.00; L. C. & E. A. W. Ware, Ms. \$2.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$2.00; M. L. West Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. K. Galena, Ill. \$5.00; W. L. H. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Center Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; V. A. S. Rhodes, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. Troy, N. Y. \$5.00; S. D. S. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Claverack, N. Y. \$3.00; S. W. T. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. \$1.00; A. V. V. Stockport, N. Y. \$6.00; Reading Society, Rockingham, Vt. \$1.00; O. B. Henderson, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. R. Jefferson, O. \$1.00; M. J. Essex, Vt. \$1.00; P. D. Genesee, N. Y. 0.87; P. M. Dublin, Ga. 5.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. 1.00; J. J. E. Westerly, R. I. 5.00; C. P. Hillsdale, N. Y. 1.00; A. S. Pine Plains, N. Y. 1.00; J. S. W. Spencer, N. Y. 2.00; J. A. C. Greenfield Center, N. Y. 1.00; E. A. W. Durham, N. Y. 1.00; W. P. C. Cornwallville, N. Y. 1.00; G. W. S. North Adams, Ms. 5.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. 2.00; A. P. D. West Rush, N. Y. \$4.81; A. B. T. Bruynswick, N. Y. \$0.90; C. M. Dalton, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. N. Danville Vt. \$1.00; A. B. Griegsville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. Schoadack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. J. T. Duaneburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. L. Bristol, Ct. \$5.00; W. W. D. North Amherst, Ms. \$7.00.

MARRIED.

At Athens, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Capt. William Thompson, to Miss Adaline Fosdick, youngest daughter of the late Abijah Fosdick, of that place.

In Ghent, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Henry P. Pulver, to Miss Anna Maria Miller, both of that town.

At Upper Red Hook, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Parder, G. B. Stevens, Esq. Merchant of Hamilton, Oneida Co. to Miss Mary Imogen, daughter of Dr. Gamaliel Wheeler, of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Mr. Samuel N. Blake, in the 53d year of his age.

At Louisville, Kentucky, on the 9th ult. Mr. Thomas J. Allen, eldest son of Mr. Solomon Allen, of Philadelphia, in the 27th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, on the 1st inst. Peter H. Bain, Esq. aged about 53 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A Storm on the Mississippi.

As the evening sun slow sinks to rest, leaving a halo near,
So summer takes mid flowers her farewell of the year;
The ripened fields of bending grain, the fruits are her's no more,
The treasures she hath gathered in, are left to autumn's store.
Hark! to the reapers merry strain, that greets the rising sun,
Hark! to the children's noisy shouts, their labors are begun;
Secure in native innocence, theirs is the voice of glee—
Then let your shouts ring on the gale, blest children, ye are free!
Yours the bright spring-time of the heart, then shout in joyous pride,
For now ye tread upon the flowers of a world as yet untried;
Then cull them, while upon their folds the dew-drops sparkle clear,
Ere midew's blight, or autumn's chill, can check their gay career.
But hush! the reaper's merry song hath died upon the ear,
The children's noisy shouts no more ring out in accents clear,
The dark storm-clouds, fast gathering, obscure the morning's light,
And the tempest-wind comes sweeping on in irresistible might;
The prancing steed in wild affright and headlong fury bounds,
Amid the vivid lightning's flash and booming thunder's sound,
To seek an insecure retreat from out the open glade,
To where the creaking pine trees bend, beneath the forest shade.
The giant cedar's garnished limbs, that lately towering stood,
Are now uprooted borne along, to meet the swelling flood;
With o'erwhelming force the stream, bursts through the levee side
And scatters, with a deafning roar, destruction far and wide,
The morning bark, that glided on in beauty o'er the wave,
Sinks, mid the shrill cry of despair, deep in its yawning grave.
Where, now! the laugh that hailed the rising sun?
'Tis silent—now the laborer's task is done;
But where the reapers? Did the waves sweep by
And in their vortex drown their gurgling cry?
No: they have gained the hill top, to deplore
The dire destruction of their treasured store.
What mean those sounds of anguish and regret—
Have they not reason to be thankful yet?
Ah! they have spied amid the lightning's glare,
Far, far below, one form still struggling there.
Was there no hand to succor thee, sweet child—
Or had despair made e'en the mother wild?
Was there no friend to shield thy little form—
No arm outstretched to save thee from the storm?
Poor orphan child! though all with sad despair
Regard thee now, thou hast no kindred there!
What though till now thou shared with them their love,
Say was it equal? Let the tempest prove;
That tells what kindness could not once betray,
That nature's claims must bear o'er thine the sway.
Thou hast no friend, save One, to heed thy prayer—
Ay, look to heaven for help, thy home is there;
The very dog, who gambled at thy feet,
Forgetting thee, sought out a safe retreat;
At the first tempest sound he started from thy side,
And left thee helpless to the swelling tide;
Swiftly it rushes on in its o'erwhelming course,
Fretting and foaming in increasing force,

And with the tempting hill-side almost won,
The torrent 'whelms thee and thy toil is done.
Thou couldst not reach it, but the impetuous tide
Bore thee half lifeless to its verdant side;
Yes, there was mercy, e'en in that rushing wave,
That tossed thy form and gave the power to save.
Hark! to that burst of joy that rends the sullen air,
And prostrate forms are breathing up a prayer
So wild, so deep, the storm seems hushed in peace,
And the spent winds in hollow murmurings cease.
Now once again comes through the dripping leaves,
The song of birds, borne on the scented breeze,
And with their sweet harmonious warblings clear,
'The harvest hymn strikes on the startled ear. C. D.

From Baldwin's London Magazine.

The Rainbow.

'THE evening was glorious and light thro' the trees—
Played in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
And the landscape out stretching in loveliness lay
On the lap of the Year, in the beauty of May:
For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers:
The skies like a banner at sunset unrolled,
O'er the West threw their splendor of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and East.
We gazed on these scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared in the cloud:
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through star-light and blue;
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form,
It looked not severe, like an angel of Wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood,
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned.
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime—
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.
Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds—
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
When seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain;
Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one,
Whose arch was refraction—its key-stone the sun:
A pavilion it seemed, with a deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or hope o'er the tomb,
Then left the dark scene whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song,
To all who beheld it these verses belong.
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord—
Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away.
Like that visit, that converse, that day from my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.'

To a Child blowing Bubbles.

Ah! that I were once more a careless child.—COLERIDGE.
Thrice happy Babe! what golden dreams are thine,
As thus thou bid'st thine air-born bubbles soar;
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
To be like thee a 'careless child' once more!
To share thy simple sports, thy sinless glee,
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,—

As, one by one, those sun touched glories flee,
In swift succession from thy straining sight!

To feel a power within himself to make,
Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
To brighter visions, from his charmed repose!
Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,—
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.
Yet life hath bubbles too—that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel touch to tears!
Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine!
What new illusion e'er can match the first!
We weep to see each cherished hope decline;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
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